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1109

RUINS OF

RHODDILAN CASTLE;

OR THE

TRAGEDY OF THE BLOOD-RED PLUME.

A

WELSH LEGEND.

"Tells of the days of old, when superstition,
In feebly watch, smited on the cap of igno-

Continued.

It might, weary of this suspense, the pro-
mised, and, turning the angle of a jutting rock,
he gazed in the festive City, the observ-
er, a man slowly passing its banks. Pen-
sive on his face—his right hand rested on a
stone—his left hand the reins of a net-
work of his soul seemed occupied by
thought—his brain to be distracted by tor-
menting thoughts. Erida advanced toward-
ward, and fixing her blue eyes upon his face,
she, in an instant, recognized the stranger
Knight of the Blood-red Plume. His vision
was, and melancholy tinged his whole coun-
tenance—a sigh, half-surprised, trembled on his
lips—despondence seemed to depress his heart,
and a gloomy gloom over every feature,
impressed upon that energy of mind, which
his piercing eye betrayed as certainly pos-
sessed.

He, unable to curb her impetuous eed,
turned upon his hinder leg, and, mounted in
his saddle, the Knight, who was wrapped in
thought, observed her not.

"God stranger," cried the lovely dan, his
daughter Rhuddlan's chieftain; "I throw
myself on your protection; conduct the stran-
der Erida to Rhuddlan's hall, and the blessing
of a distracted parent shall be yours."

"Daughter of the first of chieftains,"
replied the Knight, earnestly grasping his hor-
nors; "I am subject to your commands—
my life shall be devoted to your service."

Erida, smiling, gave him her hand, which
he pressed respectfully to his lips; and, preced-
ing, the lofty towers of Rhuddlan soon appeared
before him.

The pale moon, shedding her rays on its dark
climaxes, reflected them to the City, which
in its billows rippled beneath the moon on
where it stood. Numberless torches were re-
sulting to the hands of the disconsolate attend-
ants of the chieftain, who, in the agony of grief,
desperately roamed the country in search of
him.

All was hostile; and, no sooner did the ap-
pear among them, than loud shouts rent the air,
and they flew to bear the welcome tidings to
Rhuddlan's hall.

The strange Knight conducted her across
the court; and the loud father, impatient to
thrust her in his arms, hurried towards her.
Erida fell upon his bosom; and the tear

of joy dropped from the old man's beard upon
her shoulder. The Knight, in his turn, received
the embraces of the venerable chieftain, who,
unconscious in his joy, would have pressed on
himself, had he had time to do so.

"Tell me, Sir Knight," cried Rhuddlan,
to whom I indebted for the restoration of
Erida to my aged arms? Let me fall upon my
knees at his feet, and bless him."

"Hospitable chieftain, my name is Wert-
world, a forlorn and suffering wanderer; the
world counts as no home to shelter me—ac-
cused to welcome me; but, though sorrows op-
pressed my heart, I am ever ready to give joy
to others—Erida is once more yours," he added
with a sigh, and bowing his head, was about to
depart.

"Nay, stranger, this night you must share
that joy which you have imparted to our breast,
and make Rhuddlan your residence."

"Your pardon," cried the Knight; "my en-
suing fortune denies that I should taste of plea-
sure—I must away, ere the state of the hor-
rison."

"Wertworld," returned Erida, "the maid
whom you have protected against your stay—
upon her knees entreats it do not dissipate our
festivity by your departure. Come, let me con-
duct you to the marble-hall."

The Knight, overpowered by their entreaties,
at length yielded; and Erida, by the hand, in-
troduced him to the festive hall, where sat the
harpers, tuning their strings, awaiting the
approach of the chief chieftain and his guests.
Wertworld appeared in the hall with the dazzling
splendor of the hall that had regaled prince:
rich crimson tapestry hung down the walls in
feetuous fringed with gold, between pillars of
the fairest marble, disposed at equal distances,
supporting canopies of polished silver; the carved
ceiling displayed emblematical devices of
war and of the chase; in one part Dana was
painted with her bow; in another, Caractacus
engaging the Romans.

Erida conducted the Knight to a cedar stool,
covered with crimson, and edged with gold, at
the table, on which were profusely scattered
carved goblets, sumptuously embossed, and
flaming with ripened. The harpers, during
the repast, raised their voices in praise of the
ancestors of Rhuddlan, and regularly traced his
descent, in heroic song; describing each great
feat his fathers had performed. And now, the
midnight bell sounding dissipated their mirth—
the harpers were dismissed—and Wertworld
was led to a couch by one of the attendants,
after saluting the fair hand of Erida, which she
offered to him in token of her favour.

The morning dawned unusually splendid—
the early dew sparkled on the grass blades—
and the effulgent sun rising, tinted the horizon
with his gay beams—gentle was the air that
lay around the mountains—sweet and odorifer-
ous was the scented gale—the river Clewdd
indulgingly flowing, fearful lest it should interrupt
the calmness that prevailed, was scarcely seen to
move—and Erida, whose troubled thoughts the
preceding night had denied her rest, hastened
to the delightful rock where she first beheld the
stranger, Wertworld; there to indulge in sighs,

and those thoughts that, while they pained,
leased.

This solitary spot afforded her an opportunity
to indulge the melancholy of her mind; there
she could sit and gaze with pensive eye upon
the mountain waters, as they loved against the shore
and involve her brain in a chaos of bewildering
reflections, unobscured by any one. Erida
never knew till now what a bliss the absence of
him or her love created—and now she first
felt the pain, was unable to sustain them. The
Red Plumed Knight was the master of her heart
and of her fate; violent was the passion that
raged in her bosom, threatening to consume her
by a slow lingering fire; for it appeared impos-
sible the passion ever could be gratified. Seated
upon an arm of the rock that overhangs the
Clewdd, tears flowing down her lovely cheeks,
agitated by similar thoughts, and overcome by
the weight of her emotions, weary, not having
tasted of repose the preceding night, she sunk
into a gentle slumber; her head reclined upon
her right arm.

Wertworld left the castle to taste of the re-
freshing air, ere the Baron descended from his
chamber, or the loud bell summoned them to
breakfast. His feet, as if by instinct, led him
to the spot, where first Erida had attracted his
notice.

How much was he astonished, to behold the
lovely maiden in a sweet slumber; he stood a while
to observe her, and the tender sensation thrill-
ed through his whole soul; her rapturous locks
played carelessly upon her temples, and her blue
eyes were shadowed with long, dark lashes;
the tint of the carnation was deepened upon her
cheek; a perfect ruby colour was her lips; the
white rose leaf, though which runs the blue
enamelled vein, was more fair than her fore-
head, or more sweet than her breath; soft air
that played around her, wafted the thin gauze
aside that shadowed her snowy bosom, and re-
vealed her bosom, which murmured: O, beholding
would have been wished to enjoy; Wertworld
rampied in the ecstasy of passion, dropped
upon his knees, and imprinted a kiss upon her
cheek.

Erida, at this moment, awoke; and the
Knight, conscious of the crime he had commit-
ted; drew back, abashed and trembling. Erida
was alive confused, and Wertworld, seized this
opportunity, catching hold of her hand with fer-
vor, and, pressing it between his arms, said,
"Lovely Erida, pardon my presumption; I
your beauty has inspired; 'tis a crime I adore
you, then I am a victim; but I bow to my
fate; doomed to be unhappy, I willingly resign
myself to the lot of a wretched man."

"Save, Sir Knight," cried he embarrassed
Erida, lending her hand to raise him from the
ground, "why reprove thus persecuted? Repose
your sorrow in my bosom; indeed, you will
find in me our much in created for you. Erida,
in my heart, give you."

"And does Erida pity me?" he return-
ed, rising, and assuming a seat by her side.
"Oh welcome, ye sorrows for, henceforth
ward, mingled with your bitter tears, convey
a pleasure in the thought, that she who shall the

Will adorn, for his sufferings; the scalding tear shall no longer flow with its balm—the arrow of anguish, while it wounds, halts on its poison tip point, convey a healing balm to my soul.

"But say Sir Knight, why is your fate involved in mystery? Lend me your confidence; make me the mistress of your secret; my doom shall be its prison-house; and so treacherous will I be in retaining it, that even to myself I will not dare to whisper it."

"Oh, lady, could I burst the fetters that chime in my tongue to secrecy, I should enjoy a luxury in my grief; but, no, it is to bid: you behold in me a houseless wanderer, against whom the vengeance of Heaven is implicated, doomed for a term to be a solitary inhabitant of the earth: with no settled home to shelter me—no friend to console me—no one in whom I can confide my sorrows."

"Well! cried Erilda, in impatience. "Lady, I dare reveal no more—the cause must remain unknown."

Erilda could scarce conceal her agitation. "And when with a tremulous voice he added, 'Will the term expire, that frees you of your misery?'"

Then, when a virgin shall be fanned of noble birth, and honour speckless as the mountain dazling snow whose beauty shall be the theme of courts; whose virtue shall be the admiration of the age, whom with parent bounty she has fostered; whose hand shall be urged by knights of rank and enterprise; who shall withstand the temptation of wealth and power, equipt and titled; who shall sincerely love me for myself alone, and brave all dangers, to arrive at the haven in my arms."

Erilda turned pale; the colour on her cheek fled, and her whole frame became agitated. At this moment, the loud bell of the castle billed the breakfast hour, and endeavouring to reassume her wanted spirits, "Come," she cried gaily, "we have wasted much time in idle talk."

Wertwold lent her his arm, and they proceeded to Rhuddlan. The young Knight, at their earnest solicitation, consented to remain at the castle a few days, and various sports were devised for his amusement: nothing was spared to make him forget his griefs. But, in the midst of splendid gaiety, Wertwold was still himself—melancholy still clouded his brow, and stole the rosiness of his cheek.

To be Continued.

ON TEMPERANCE

Temperance is a jewel which the possessor may deem invaluable—it is the parent of industry of health, of respect, and the only way to ensure an happy and venerable old age—How often we see the wretched aged and even youth go down prematurely to the mansions of the dead, through intemperance—how often the tender ties of society are rent asunder—how frequently are heard the deep sighs of a loving wife, bedewed with her tears, her shivering and weeping (sighing, by the folly of an unfeeling and brutal husband.

Man! that he should thus abuse the bounties of a benevolent providence—that he should so far forget the dignity of his nature—that reason, his boasted possession, should be overpowered by the gratification of sensual appetite, his, in common with the beast of the field.

Misfortune is no excuse, his relation to his God, to his family, to the world call aloud upon him to exercise the noble faculties of his soul. Let him be a fortitude, let him practice resignation to that overruling will, who hath numbered the hairs of our head.

HAPPINESS

or a Journey through life.

The great pursuit of man in life
Is to admire its scenes with joy,
Divest himself of toil and strife
And pass his days here as a day.

In order to obtain this prize
He seeks he asks of all he knows,
To show him peace! O man he cries!
And ends me of my toilsome woes.

He's past the slippery paths of youth
No joy in them could he obtain,
Those days to him, has proved a truth
And he is left to search again.

You ask the man possessed of health,
If happiness is felt by him,
He answers no, the all in wealth,
The poor man's joy is like a dream.

O wealth if thou hast joy, impart!
And let me give my journey here
Let happiness inspire my heart,
Nor ever let me search for more.

Where are the joys, O wealth he cries,
You say'd man perhaps can tell,
O give relief to man replied
Where you have sought, this cannot dwell.

If you wish your days to spend,
And hap, lease your motto be,
Then let your search be at an end,
For bliss in them you can not see.

Could you unfathom'd depths survey
And catch wide surf of treasure round,
A voice from each you'd hear to say
This pearl in me can not be found,

Then lift thy thoughts O man above!
To him the cause of all creation,
Enjoy his smiles as tokens of love,
And to him pay thy adorations.

THE COITAGE.

WAGON WHEELS' WREATH.

Hail sacred scene of simple joy,
The little rustic cottage hall!
Such as I have chanced to spy,
In far off solitary vale.

I know thee by thy whitened wall,
Thy lowly roof of warmest thatch;
Thy shadowy eave, thy casement small,
Thy lowly door and simple latch.

I know thee by thy garden wall,
Where many a useful herb is seen,
Where wall-flowers yield an odour sweet,
And woodbine twine with jasmine green.

Hail rustic cot! thy nameless roof,
Each social virtue thou hast known;
Of faith and love the matchless proof
Thy little tenement has shown.

A happy husband's calm retreat—
For fate has given a partner dear;
A happy father's tranquil seat—
For beautiful babes are smiling there.

There peace affords a purer joy
Than luxury could ever dispense;
There content vices never annoy
The ignorance of innocence.

There, if the systematic school,
No aphorism law for life erect,
To chain the free-born mind to rule—
The native feelings teach to act.

Afection fits the gateless heart,
Each knows that happiness is done;
A simple nature tries its impact
That bliss to every object near.

Hail rustic cot! thy fragrant board
Still may thy happy tenants crowd,
Ne'er may they trust the Mias's bow,
Whilst bliss with peace and honest food.

May virtue ever dwell with thee
And a pure peace on all attend;
May pain ne'er rise to agonize,
Nor even pleasure to excess.

JANE.

A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

SHAKESPEARE.

..... And now, life! thou hast no more
for me; my love is gone, and I will follow
an angelic female, as she reclined over a
dog grave. "Pie on thy cruel parents! friends
could not be, for they would have seen her
How could they watch her sweetest moments
a sequence, as they flew from their heavenly mansion.
These hearts must be made of steel. Yes, I
never could have refused the consummation of
virtuous wishes. But alas! all is now over,
the love for me and thy filial obedience, have
thy life. How fond youth, would that thou
If thy spirit hovers round this once loved
Oh I speak, and give some comfort to my grief
Oh! No! he has not. To Heaven his spirit
weighed its airy flight. Then let me quit the
hall, and seek him in the realm of bliss."

Here the dejected mourner drew from her
bosom the instrument of death. A silver
cord trembling in each eye, she traced the
blade, then brandished to Heaven a fervent
prayer, and raised her threatening arm. I checked
at a stroke, and snatched from her hand the
murderous weapon. She shrieked and fell to the ground
for a short time she seemed recovering—she opened
her sorrowing eyes, and gently reproached my
furious care.

At this moment the corpse of her lover
appeared at the grave. "He comes!" she cried, with
a sigh of seeming satisfaction. The presence of
William's body, "Why weep ye?" said she
"Your cruel destruction! Had you smiled
on his faithful love, his virtue would have
blessed your declining years, and you had no
stroke of fate with a smile of conscious rectitude
now you will descend, with grief and sorrow in
the dread mansion of the dead."

At this point, continued the lovely mourner, I
thrust no friend to weep thy loss, thy father did
thou wast yet born, and she who gave thee
was a long since closed her weary life, and
I am left to thee to have friends."

The coffin was set on the ground—all was
done, and ever and anon turned her streaming eyes
Heaven—The venerable priest began his
rites, and as they were proceeding to deposit
the body in the grave, she threw herself on the
coffin. "If ever gentle pay," said the frantic maid, "could
your blood—will you do what I have said, but
if you do repent your cruelty—Oh! then, once
more, let me behold the form of my dear dear William!
They consented. The coffin was opened, she
propped in silence on the clay cold corpse—she
breathed a sigh of life—she breathed a painful sigh
sighing died!"

The master of a respectable school, took me
up to talk about his going so frequently to
play. "Who (says he) supplies you with money
for that purpose?" "Sir, (replied the boy), I go
to the barber." "And does he pay you, right?"
"No, sir, he doesn't give you any." "Well, (re-
plied the master) I have long thought, and now you
summarize me, that you are a complete idiot!"

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 28 1911.

HORRID MURDER.

Western Star.

N. Y. GAZ.

Lon. Pap.

London Pap.

Ibid.

1670

MARRIED

On Tuesday evening last by the Night New Biah.
op Hobart, Benjamin James Boruck Esq., of the
Island of Barbadoes, His Miss Mrs. Louisa Elmina
Lightbourn, of the Island of Bermuda.

DED

The death of Miss Koulstons affords an interesting caution to the ladies. She had been in the practice of wearing those death-inviting fashionably-called Corsets, braced with steel, which attracted the lightning, and was scattered in all directions, man gliding by body in a most shocking manner.

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Before the early sun
His fair orient beams had rais'd
I bound my blanket on,
And round my dusky wigwag gas'd:
In vain I search'd for food,
No aid had I but just my own:
My eye had quit the wood,
For many a lung autumn's morn,

Scarce o'er my head had shewn
The sallowish pale face winter's sun:
Not I to mophod grown,
When first the Indian bow I strung:
To try my doubtful luck,
I took the unexperienced way,
And round the mountain buck
From the fair in which he lay.

Swift o'er the bushy plain,
As sun beams swift, the panting doe
An asylum gain,
Fled to the fair On aro:
Around her native wood,
A wild despondent look she cast,
Flung'd into the "pung flood,"
And through the foaming liquid prest.

The fatal lance I threw,
And from her side the streaming gore
Spread o'er the watery view,
And crimson waves dashed on the shore.

My bow I then unstung:
My breast with wampum girt around,
O'er my back the crozier hung,
And to my side my harriet bound:
As panther, fierce to kill,
Leaps through the furze to seize his prey,
Far o'er the western hill
I bent my long left, homeward way.

Ere to my hut I came,
High in air I cast a volume ill
Of horrid smoke and flame:
My friend, as the deer to my soul,
My jan-survival friend,
By vile Cahoga's hand was slain
Oh! and disastrous end
Cahoga I curse the hated name.

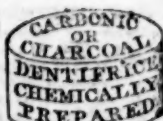
Off in nocturnal dreams,
My mother's words before me rise:
Pronounced fair, the same,
By some Grand Sachem of the skies!
Avenge my wrongs, she said,
As o'er my wulfkin couch she bent:
Then quick the phantom fled,
And to my woes new sorrows lent.

The brown autumnal leaf
Twice nineteen times had spread the ground
When this vile savage chief
Above rogar's falls I found,
Asleep, in his canoe,
By white men's drink o'ercome
He'd bid all cares adieu,
And stretched beneath the sun.

I throb'd him from the shore:
And in a gulf as midnight black,
His bark the canoe bore,
Down the loud roaring cataract.

In distant lands shall swell
My mother's ghost elate with joy,
When guardian spirits tell
The triumph of an Indian boy.

A man who is officious to serve you at first sight,
should be regarded with caution



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soap Smith's tooth paste warranted his superior
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